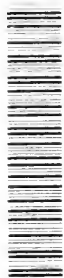


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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
(1554-1586)

*From the Portrait once in possession of Fulke Greville,
Lord Brooke*

Sir Philip Sidney

Sonnets and Miscellaneous Verse

Mary Sidney, Countess
of Pembroke

Hymn to Astræa, etc.

Matthew Roydon

Friend's Passion for his Astrophel

Sidneian showers

Of sweet discourse, whose powers

Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

CRASHAW: *Wishes.*

J. R. Tutin

Hull

1905

Limited to 250 Copies

Sir Philip Sidney

(1554-1586)

Astrophel . . .

*Th' admir'd mirror, glory of our Isle,
Thou far-far-more than mortal man, whose style
Struck more men dumb to hearken to thy song
Than Orpheus' harp or Tully's golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wit's deep quintessence,
For honour, valour, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garland, crown his tomb with bay,
Who spake as much as e'er our tongue can say.*

WILLIAM BROWNE : *Britannia's Pastorals*

Bk. II. Song ii. ll. 247-256.

Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke

(1561-1621)

*Urania, sister unto Astrophel,
In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches lock'd are ;
More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Ophir,
And in her sex more wonderful and rare.*

SPENSER : *Colin Clout's Come Home Again.*

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Prefatory Note

THIS little volume has been compiled in the hope that it will supply—in some measure, at any rate—what is unquestionably a felt need. For though the name of Sir Philip Sidney is as familiar in the ears of Englishmen “as household words,” and he himself deservedly honoured as one of the most chivalrous and romantic figures in our country’s history; and though his reputation as a writer of graceful and “poetic” prose is sufficiently well established,—it cannot be said that his verse has yet received the recognition which is its due. True, anthologists have familiarised the general reader with a few of the more notable of the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets, while at least one other poem of Sidney’s, in quasi-sonnet form—the exquisite lines from the *Arcadia*, commencing, “My true love hath my heart”—has taken its place among the most beautiful of our national songs. Still, the bulk of Sidney’s verse—and in particular the lyrical part of it—is known to comparatively few save the lovers of that glorious legacy which Elizabethan England bequeathed to us three centuries ago. It may be that *Astrophel and Stella* has suffered—in regard to later appreciation of its beauty and its power—by reason of those very characteristics which stamp it as so distinctive a product of its writer and its age:—its closely imitative quality; its burden of poetical “conceits”; its author’s fondness for the “swelling phrase”; its aloofness from the more humanising realities of the ordinary lover’s passion; and the further fact of its kinship in style and literary character with the *Arcadia*. Nevertheless, it remains true that Sidney has yet to come into the poetical kingdom that is his by every literary and artistic right.

Of the story commonly supposed to be unfolded in the famous sonnet-sequence which has been so largely laid under contribution in the accompanying selection,

Prefatory Note

and which takes rank second only to the greatest of that splendid Elizabethan line, it is not the place here to speak in detail. Regarding with disfavour, as the present editor does, the theory of the serious and intimately autobiographical significance of these poems, of which so much has been made by many latter-day writers, he has not scrupled, where necessary, to separate them from their context, and to let each sonnet speak for itself under a title of his own devising. In the case also of the majority of the remaining pieces, it may be remarked, the titles are the present writer's own. He trusts, however, that the liberty he has thus taken may not be regarded as in any sense derogatory to the genius of the maker of the poems themselves.

Mary Sidney, whose name has come down to us inextricably intertwined with that of her illustrious and devoted brother, is represented by her two extant original productions in verse. Apart from her memorable association with Sir Philip in regard to the latter's famous pastoral romance, and to their joint authorship of a metrical version of the Psalter; apart, moreover, from the loveliness of her own character,—Mary Sidney merits grateful recognition and remembrance as a bountiful and disinterested patroness of poets—among whom was the writer represented in the concluding section of this booklet—and as, in point of time, the first English authoress of repute.

The trio enumerated on our title-page is completed by the name of Matthew Roydon (*d.* 1588-1622), a writer of no little distinction in his day, whose *Elegy*—given here in its entirety, notwithstanding its unequal character, though usually represented in quotation by a few of the more musical and smoothly-flowing of its stanzas—was one of the most notable contributions to that rich stream of obituary verse which flowed in so full a flood from Zutphen's battlefield, and which Spenser himself augmented with his own melodious lament for the beloved and much-mourned "Astrophel."

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE,
August 1905.

H. KELSEY WHITE.

Sir Philip Sidney

I. Sonnets and Quatorzains

Heart's Transcript

*Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear She, might take some pleasure of my
 pain,
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her
 know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,—
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain;
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burned
 brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's
 stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's
 blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my
 throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,—
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "Look in thy heart, and
 write."*

(Astrophel and Stella, I.)

Sir Philip Sidney

“ Full Conquest ”

NOT at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot,
Love gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed ;
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.
I saw, and liked ; I liked, but lovèd not ;
I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed :
At length, to Love's decrees, I, forced, agreed,
Yet with repining at so partial lot.
Now, even that footstep of lost liberty
Is gone, and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
I call it praise to suffer tyranny ;
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make myself believe that all is well,
While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.
(Astrophel and Stella, II.)

“ No Muse but One ”

LET dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That, bravely masked, their fancies may be told ;
Or—Pindar's apes—flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold ;
Or else let them in stately glory shine,
Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old ;
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbs or beasts which Ind or Afric hold.
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know :
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow ;
And strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites.
How then? Even thus : In Stella's face I read
What Love and Beauty be ; then all my deed
But copying is what in her Nature writes.
(Astrophel and Stella, III.)

Sir Philip Sidney

“ Yet . . . I must Stella love ”

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light, and that the heav'nly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good God make church and churchmen starve.
True, that true beauty Virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortal mixture breed.
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move :
True—and yet true, that I must Stella love.

(Astrophel and Stella, V.)

Stella's Face

QUEEN Virtue's Court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure ;
Gold is the covering of that stately place.
The door, by which sometimes comes forth her grace,
Red porphyry is, which lock of pearl makes sure,
Whose porches rich—which name of cheeks endure—
Marble, mixed red and white, do interlace.
The windows now—through which this heav'nly guest
Looks over the world, and can find nothing such,
Which dare claim from those lights the name of best—
Of touch they are, that without touch do touch,
Which Cupid's self, from Beauty's mind did draw :
Of touch they are, and poor I am their straw.

(Astrophel and Stella, IX.)

Sir Philip Sidney

Love's Childlikeness

IN truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind
Thou dost proceed in thy most serious ways,
That when the heav'n to thee his best displays,
Yet of that best thou leav'st the best behind !
For, like a child that some fair book doth find,
With gilded leaves or coloured vellum plays,
Or, at the most, on some fine picture stays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind ;
So, when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet,
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes ;
In her cheeks' pit thou didst thy pitfold set,
And in her breast bo-peep or crouching lies,
Playing and shining in each outward part ;
But, fool, seek'st not to get into her heart.

(Astrophel and Stella, XI.)

Stella—Truest Nurse of Fame

YOU that do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poesy wring ;
You that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows ;
You that poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes
With new-born sighs and denizen'd wit do sing—
You take wrong ways ; those far-set helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch,
And sure, at length stolen goods do come to light ;
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to indite.

(Astrophel and Stella, XV.)

Sir Philip Sidney

Amor Præceptor

ON Cupid's bow how are my heart-strings bent,
That see my wrack, and yet embrace the same !
When most I glory, then I feel most shame ;
I willing run, yet while I run repent ;
My best wits still their own disgrace invent.
My very ink turns straight to Stella's name ;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Advise themselves that they are vainly spent.
For though she pass all things, yet what is all
That unto me, who fare like him that both
Looks to the skies and in a ditch doth fall ?
O let me prop my mind, yet in his growth,
And not in nature for best fruits unfit.
" Scholar," saith Love, " bend hitherward thy wit."
(*Astrophel and Stella*, XIX.)

Love's Astrology

THOUGH dusty wits dare scorn astrology ;
And fools can think those lamps of purest light—
Whose number, ways, greatness, eternity,
Promising wonders, wonders do invite—
To have for no cause birthright in the sky
But for to spangle the black weeds of night,
Or for some brawl which in that chamber hie
They should still dance to please a gazer's sight ;—
For me, I do Nature unidle know,
And know great causes great effects procure,
And know those bodies high rain on the low.
And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure,
Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
By only those two stars in Stella's face.
(*Astrophel and Stella*, XXVI.)

Sir Philip Sidney

“ Of Fellowship, O Moon ”

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What ! may it be that even in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.
I read it in thy looks ; thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

(Astrophel and Stella, XXXI.)

Stella's Enriching Name

WHAT may words say, or what may words not say,
Where Truth itself must speak like Flattery ?
Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
Where Nature doth with infinite agree ?
What Nestor's counsel can my flames allay,
Since Reason's self doth blow the coal in me ?
And, ah, what hope that Hope should once see day,
Where Cupid is sworn page to Chastity ?
Honour is honoured, that thou dost possess
Him as thy slave, and now long-needy Fame
Doth even grow rich, naming my Stella's name.
Wit learns in thee perfection to express ;
Not thou by praise, but praise by thee is raised :
It is a praise to praise, when thou art praised.

(Astrophel and Stella, XXXV.)

Sir Philip Sidney

“ Rich ” : A Lover’s “ Riddle ” in Rhyme

MY mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be :
Listen then, lordings, with good ear to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell.

Towards Aurora’s Court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man’s eyes can see ;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise saying she doth excel ;—
Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
Rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown ;
Who, though most rich in these and every part
Which make the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune but that *Rich* she is.

(*Astrophel and Stella, XXXVII.*)

Invocation to Sleep

COME, Sleep ! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man’s wealth, the prisoner’s release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low ;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw :
O make in me those civil wars to cease ;—
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head :
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella’s image see.

(*Astrophel and Stella, XXXIX.*)

Sir Philip Sidney

Through Stella's Glance

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France ;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Townfolk my strength ; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise ;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance ;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shot awry ! The true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heav'nly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.
(Astrophel and Stella, XLI.)

Stella's Eyes

O EYES, which do the spheres of beauty move ;
Whose beams be joys, whose joys all virtues be ;
Who, while they make Love conquer, conquer Love ;
The schools where Venus hath learned chastity :
O eyes, where humble looks most glorious prove,
Only-loved tyrants, just in cruelty ;—
Do not, O do not, from poor me remove ;
Keep still my zénith, ever shine on me :
For though I never see them, but straightways
My life forgets to nourish languished sprites,
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart down your rays :
And if, from majesty of sacred lights,
Oppressing mortal sense, my death proceed,
Wracks triumphs be, which Love high set doth breed.
(Astrophel and Stella, XLII.)

Sir Philip Sidney

“ Those Morning Stars ”

SOUL'S joy ! bend not those morning stars from me,
Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might ;
Where Love is chasteness, Pain doth learn delight,
And Humbleness grows one with Majesty.
Whatever may ensue, O let me be
Co-partner of the riches of that sight ;
Let not mine eyes be blinded from that light ;
O look, O shine, O let me die, and see.
For though I oft myself of them bemoan
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone,
Whose cureless wounds even now most freshly bleed,
Yet since my death-wound is already got,
Dear killer, spare not thy sweet-cruel shot ;
A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

(Astrophel and Stella, XLVIII.)

The Lover “ cannot choose but write ”

STELLA, the fulness of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast,
But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be expressed :
And yet, as soon as they so formèd be,
According to my lord Love's own behest,
With sad eyes I their weak proportion see
To portrait what which in this world is best.
So that I cannot choose but write my mind,
And cannot choose but put out what I write,
While these poor babes their death in birth do find ;
And now my pen these lines had dashèd quite,
But that they stopped his fury from the same,
Because their fore-front bare sweet Stella's name.

(Astrophel and Stella, L.)

Sir Philip Sidney

He sees his Shame in Stella's Blush

IN martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address,
While, with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise even filled my veins with pride ;
When Cupid, having me, his slave, descried
In Mars's livery prancing in the press,
"What now, Sir Fool!" said he,—I would no less—
"Look here, I say!" I looked, and Stella spied,
Who, hard by, made a window send forth light.
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, the other to fight,
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries :
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

(Astrophel and Stella, LIII.)

Cupid's "Right Badge" worn only in the Heart

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear—
"What, he!" say they of me : "now I dare swear
He cannot love ; no, no, let him alone."
And think so still, so Stella know my mind !
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art ;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart ;
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove ;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

(Astrophel and Stella, LIV.)

Sir Philip Sidney

Give Passion leave

No more, my Dear, no more these counsels try ;
O give my passions leave to run their race ;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace ;
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry ;
Let clouds bedim my face, break in my eye ;
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace ;
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case,—
But do not will me from my love to fly.
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame ;
Nor aught do care though some above me sit ;
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart :
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art.

(Astrophel and Stella, LXIV.)

Wise Silence—"Best Music unto Bliss"

MY Muse may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep ;
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes to enjoy
Nectar of mirth, since I Jove's cup do keep.
Sonnets be not bound 'prentice to Annoy ;
Trebles sing high, as well as basses deep ;
Grief but Love's winter-livery is ; the boy
Hath cheeks to smile, as well as eyes to weep.
Come then, my Muse, shew thou height of delight
In well-raised notes ; my pen, the best it may,
Shall paint out joy, though but in black and white.
Cease, eager Muse ; peace, pen, for my sake stay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this,—
Wise silence is best music unto bliss.

(Astrophel and Stella, LXX.)

Sir Philip Sidney

Saucy Love

LOVE, still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
Schooled only by his mother's tender eye.
What wonder then if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod dear play he try?
And yet my Star, because a sugared kiss
In sport I sucked while she asleep did lie,
Doth lower, nay, chide, nay threat for only this !
"Sweet, it was saucy Love, not humble I."
But no 'scuse serves ; she makes her wrath appear
In Beauty's throne : see now, who dares come near
Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
O heav'nly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That Anger's self I needs must kill again !
(*Astrophel and Stella, LXXIII.*)

" Inspired with Stella's Kiss "

I NEVER drank of Aganippe's well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell ;—
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,
But—God wot—wot not what they mean by it ;
And this I swear by blackest brook of Hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falls it, then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak ; and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
"Guess we the cause? What, is it this?" Fie, no !
"Or so?" Much less. "How then?" Sure thus it is,—
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.
(*Astrophel and Stella, LXXIV.*)

Sir Philip Sidney

Corona Vera

OF all the kings that ever here did reign,
Edward, named fourth, as first in praise, I name :
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on fame.
Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, joined with a kingdom's gain ;
And gained by Mars, could yet mad Mars so tame
That balance weighed what sword did late obtain :
Nor that he made the *fleur-de-lys* so 'fraid—
Though strongly hedged—of bloody lions' paws,
That witty Louis to him a tribute paid :
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause ;
But only for this worthy knight durst prove
To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.

(*Astrophel and Stella*, LXXV.)

“In no more but these

THOSE looks, whose beams be joy, whose motion is
delight ;
That face, whose lecture shews what perfect beauty is ;
That presence, which doth give dark hearts a living
light ;
That grace, which Venus weeps that she herself doth
miss ;
That hand, which without touch holds more than Atlas'
might ;
Those lips, which make death's pay a mean price for
a kiss ;
That skin, whose past-praise hue scorns this poor term
of white ;
Those words, which do sublime the quintessence of
bliss ;

Sir Philip Sidney

That voice, which makes the soul plant himself in the
ears ;
That conversation sweet, where such high comforts be,
As, construed in true speech, the name of heav'n it
bears ;—
Make me in my best thoughts and quiet'st judgment
see
That in no more but these I might be fully blest :
Yet, ah, my maiden Muse doth blush to tell the best.
(*Astrophel and Stella*, LXXVII.)

Stella's Kiss

O KISS ! which dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems or fruits of new-found Paradise,
Breathing all bliss, and sweet'ning to the heart,
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise ;
O kiss ! which souls, even souls, together ties
By links of love and only Nature's art :
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part !
But she forbids ; with blushing words she says,
"She builds her fame on higher-seated praise."
But my heart burns ; I cannot silent be.
Then, since, dear life, you fain would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still, still kissing me.
(*Astrophel and Stella*, LXXXI.)

Pardon, Sweet Nymph !

NYMPH of the garden where all beauties be,
Beauties which do in excellency pass
His who till death looked in a wat'ry glass,
Or hers whom nak'd the Trojan boy did see ;

Sir Philip Sidney

Sweet garden-nymph, which keep'st the cherry-tree
Whose fruit doth far the Hesperian taste surpass,
Most sweet-fair, most fair-sweet, do not, alas,
From coming near those cherries banish me.
For though, full of desire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your best-gracèd grace,
I caught at one of them, and hungry bit,
Pardon that fault ; once more grant me the place ;
And I do swear, even by the same delight,
I will but kiss ; I never more will bite.

(Astrophel and Stella, LXXXII.)

Highway !

HIGHWAY ! since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber-melody,
Now blessèd you bear onward blessèd me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet ;
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.
Be you still fair, honoured by public heed ;
By no encroachment wronged, nor time forgot ;
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed ;
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,—
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss !

(Astrophel and Stella, LXXXIV.)

Disavowal

STELLA, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee ;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my history :
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.

Sir Philip Sidney

Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree :
In truth, I swear I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph a Poet's name.
Nor, if I would, could I just title make,
That any laud thereof to me should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take :
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And Love doth hold my hand and makes me write.
(Astrophel and Stella, XC.)

“ Say all ”

BE your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
That you allow them me by so small rate ?
Or do you curted Spartans imitate ?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you so total are ?
When I demand of Phoenix-Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, “ You left her well of late ” :—
O God ! think you that satisfies my care ?
I would know whether she did sit or walk ;
How clothed ; how waited on ; sighed she, or smiled,
Whereof—with whom,—how often did she talk ;
With what pastimes Time's journey she beguiled ;
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name :
Say all ; and all well said, still say the same.
(Astrophel and Stella, XCII.)

Stella Sick

WHERE be those roses gone, which sweetened so
our eyes ?
Where those red cheeks, which oft, with fair increase,
did frame
The height of honour in the kindly badge of shame ?
Who hath the crimson weeds stol'n from my morning
skies ?

Sir Philip Sidney

How doth the colour fade of those vermilion dyes,
Which Nature's self did make, and self-ingrained the
same?

I would know by what right this paleness overcame
That hue, whose force my heart still unto thralldom
ties.

Galen's adoptive sons, who by a beaten way
Their judgments hackney on, the fault on sickness lay ;
But feeling proof makes me say they mistake it
far :

It is but love which makes this paper perfect white,
To write therein more fresh the story of delight,
Whilst Beauty's reddest ink Venus for him doth
stir.

(Astrophel and Stella, CII.)

On Seeing the Winds playing with Stella's Hair

O HAPPY Thames, that didst my Stella bear !
I saw thee, with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished, stayed not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves—O sweetest prison !—twine.
And fain those Æol's youths there would their stay
Have made, but, forc'd by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display :
She, so dishevelled, blushed : from window I
With sight thereof cried out, " O, fair disgrace,
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place ! "

(Astrophel and Stella, CIII.)

Sir Philip Sidney

Basilius' "Love-Complaint"

LET not old age disgrace my high desire,
O heavenly soul, in human shape contained :
Old wood inflamed doth yield the bravest fire,
When younger doth in smoke his virtue spend ;
Nor let white hairs which on my face do grow
Seem to your eyes of a disgraceful hue,
Since whiteness doth present the sweetest show,
Which makes all eyes do homage unto you.
Old age is wise and full of constant truth ;
Old age well stayed from ranging humour lives ;
Old age hath known what ever was in youth ;
Old age o'ercome the greater honour gives ;
And to old age since you yourself aspire,
Let not old age disgrace my high desire.

(Arcadia: Bk. II.)

The Bargain

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange—one for the other given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;—
There never was a bargain better driven.
His heart in me keeps me and him in one ;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides ;
He loves my heart for once it was his own ;
I cherish his because in me it bides.
His heart his wound received from my sight ;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart ;
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart :
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

(Arcadia: Bk. III.—Carita's Song.)

Sir Philip Sidney

Musidorus to Pamela

LOCK up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart ;
Preserve those beams, this age's only light ;
To her sweet sense sweet sleep some ease impart—
Her sense, too weak to bear her spirit's might.
And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,—
Her sight, where Love did forge his fairest dart,—
O harbour all her parts in easeful plight ;
Let no strange dream make her fair body start.
But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare subject from thy common right,
But wilt thyself in such a seat delight,
Then take my shape, and play a lover's part :
Kiss her from me, and say unto her sprite,
Till her eyes shine I live in darkest night.

(Arcadia: Bk. III.)

Philoclea “disburdens her Secret Passion”

O STEALING Time, the subject of delay—
Delay, the rack of unrestrained desire—
What strange design hast thou my hopes to stay,
Mine hopes which do but to mine own aspire?
Mine own ! O word on whose sweet sound doth prey
My greedy soul with grip of inward fire,
Thy title great I justly challenge may,
Since in such phrase his faith he did attire.
O Time, become the chariot of my joys :
As thou draw'st on, so let my bliss draw near ;
Each moment lost part of my hap destroys.
Thou art the father of occasion dear ;
Join with thy son to ease my long annoys :
In speedy help thank-worthy friends appear.

(Arcadia: Bk. III.)

Sir Philip Sidney

Musidorus' Song

SINCE Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
As Nature's work, why should we fear to die?
Since fear is vain but when it may preserve,
Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?
Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Disarming human minds of native might;
While each conceit an ugly figure bears,
Which were not evil, well viewed in reason's light.
Our only eyes, which dimmed with passions be,
And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be cleared, and now begin to see
Our life is but a step in dusty way:
Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind;—
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

(Arcadia: Bk. V.)

A Farewell

OFt have I mused, but now at length I find,
Why those that die, men say they do "depart."
"Depart!" A word so gentle to my mind
Weakly did seem to paint Death's ugly dart.
But now the stars, with their strange course, do bind
Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart:
I hear a cry of spirits faint and blind,
That, parting thus, my chiefest part I part.
Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Lives to impart my weary clay some breath;
But that good part wherein all comforts be,
Now dead, doth show departure is a death;
Yea, worse than death;—death parts both woe and
joy:
From joy I part, still living in annoy.

Sir Philip Sidney

Renouncement

THOU blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought :
Band of all evils ; cradle of causeless care ;
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought :
Desire ! Desire ! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware ;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought ;
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire ;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire ;
For Virtue hath this better lesson taught,—
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring nought but how to kill Desire.

“Treasure in Heaven”

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust :
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be ;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold ! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world ; thy uttermost I see :
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

Sir Philip Sidney

II. Miscellaneous Verse

To Stella

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry State with Pleasure ?
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only for you the heaven forgot all measure.

Who hath the lips where Wit in fairness reigneth ?
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet whose step all sweetness planteth ?
Who else for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast whose milk doth patience nourish ?
Whose grace is such that when it chides doth cherish ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth ?
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair which loosest fastest tieth ?
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth ?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Sir Philip Sidney

Who hath the voice which soul from senses sunders?
Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.
(Astrophel and Stella : First Song.)

A Stolen Kiss

HAVE I caught my heav'nly jewel
Teaching Sleep most fair to be?
Now will I teach her that she,
When she wakes, is too-too cruel.

Since sweet Sleep her eyes hath charmèd,
The two only darts of Love,
Now will I, with that Boy, prove
Some play, while he is disarmèd.

Her tongue, waking, still refuseth,
Giving frankly niggard "No :"
Now will I attempt to know
What "No" her tongue, sleeping, useth.

See the hand that, waking, guardeth,
Sleeping, grants a free resort :
Now will I invade the fort :
Cowards Love with loss rewardeth.

But, O fool, think of the danger
Of her just and high disdain ;
Now will I, alas, refrain :
Love fears nothing else but anger.

Sir Philip Sidney

Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kiss.
Now will I but venture this ;
Who will read, must first learn spelling.

O, sweet kiss ! but, ah, she's waking ;
Louring beauty chastens me :
Now will I for fear hence flee ;
Fool, more fool, for no more taking !
(*Astrophel and Stella : Second Song.*)

“ No, No, No ! ”

ONLY Joy ! now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care,
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet rewards for sharpest pain ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealousy himself doth sleep ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's knot to loose or bind ;
Those sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo :
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.

This small light the moon bestows
Serves thy beams but to disclose ;

Sir Philip Sidney

So to raise my hap more high,
Fear not else, none can us spy ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb Sleep holdeth all the house :
Yet asleep, methinks they say,
“ Young folks, take time while you may : ”
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss,
Long stay, ere he grant the same :
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out and curtains spread ;
She thinks you do letters write ;
Write, but first let me indite :
“ Take me to thee, and thee to me.”
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus ?
Concord better fitteth thus ;
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands :
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.

Woe to me ! and do you swear
Me to hate, but I forbear ?
Cursed be my destinies all,
That brought me so high to fall !
Soon with my death I will please thee :
No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be.
(*Astrophel and Stella : Fourth Song.*)

Sir Philip Sidney

Astrophel's Wooing

IN a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made—
May then young, his pied weeds showing,
New-perfumed with flowers fresh growing—
Astrophel with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themselves oppressèd,
But each in the other blessèd.
Him great harms had taught much care ;
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare :
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.
Wept they had, alas, the while,
But now tears themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by Love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.
Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mix'd ;
With arms crossed, yet testifying
Restless rest and living dying.
Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford ;
But their tongues restrained from walking
Till their hearts had ended talking.
But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break :
Love did set his lips asunder
Thus to speak in love and wonder :
“ Stella, sovereign of my joy !
Fair triumpher of Annoy !
Stella, star of heavenly fire !
Stella, loadstar of desire !
Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
Whose beams where they once are darted
Love therewith is straight imparted ;
Stella, whose voice when it speaks

Sir Philip Sidney

Senses all asunder breaks ;
Stella, whose voice when it singeth
Angels' to acquaintance bringeth ;
Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth ;
Grant, O grant,—but speech, alas,
Fails me, fearing on to pass—
Grant—O me, what am I saying?—
But no fault there is in praying.
Grant, O dear—on knees I pray”—
Knees on ground he then did stay—
“That, not I, but, since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.
Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it ;
Smiting air allows my reason ;
These birds sing : ‘ Now use the season.’
This small wind which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss,
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.
Love makes earth the water drink ;
Love to earth makes water sink :
And if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?”
There his hands in their speech fain
Would have made tongue's language plain,
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.
Then she spake,—her speech was such
As not ears but heart did touch ;
While such-wise she love denied
And yet love she signified.
“Astrophel,” said she, “my love,
Cease in these effects to prove ;
Now be still, yet still believe me
Thy grief more than death would grieve me.
If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee,

Sir Philip Sidney

Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish.
If those eyes you praised be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return stark-blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder-minded.
If to secret of my heart
I do any wish impart
Where thou art not foremost placèd,
Be both wish and I defacèd.
If more may be said, I say
All my bliss in thee I lay.
If thou love, my love content thee !
For all love, all faith, is meant thee.
Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try ;
Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee,—
Stella's self might not refuse thee.
Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest—though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framèd—
I should blush when thou art namèd.”
 Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him so passion-rent,
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.
 (*Astrophel and Stella : Eighth Song.*)

The Woeful Shepherd's Plaint

Go, my flock ! go, get you hence !
 Seek a better place of feeding,
Where you may have some defence
 Fro the storms in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Sir Philip Sidney

Leave a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no measure :
Merry flock, such one forego
Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,
Hear your woeful master's story,
Which to stones I else would show :
Sorrow only then hath glory
When 'tis excellently sorry.

Stella, fiercest shepherdess,
Fiercest but yet fairest ever ;
Stella, whom, O heavens, still bless,
Though against me she persèver,
Though I bliss inherit never ;—

Stella hath refusèd me ;
Stella, who more love hath provèd
In this caitiff heart to be
Than can in good ewes be movèd
Towards lambkins best belovèd.

Stella hath refusèd me !
Astrophel, that so well servèd,
In this pleasant Spring must see,
While in pride flowers be preservèd,
Himself only winter-starvèd.

Why, alas, doth she then swear
That she loveth me so dearly,
Seeing me so long to bear
Coals of love that burn so clearly,
And yet leave me helpless merely ?

Is that Love ? Forsooth, I trow,
If I saw my good dog grievèd,
And a help for him did know,
My love should not be believèd
But he were by me relievèd.

Sir Philip Sidney

No, she hates me,—welaway !
Feigning love somewhat to please me ;
For she knows, if she display
All her hate, Death soon would seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then, adieu, dear flock, adieu !
But, alas, if in your straying,
Heavenly Stella meet with you,
Tell her, in your piteous blaying,
Her poor slave's unjust decaying.
(*Astrophel and Stella : Ninth Song.*)

Love's Herald-Thought

O DEAR life, when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
And in them thy mind discover,
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of thy lover?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting, aught forgot,
Nor debarred from Beauty's treasure
Let not tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell :
Only Thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought, therefore, I will send thee
To take up the place for me ;
Long I will not after tarry.
There, unseen, thou may'st be bold
Those fair wonders to behold
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, see thou no place forbear ;
Enter bravely everywhere ;
Seize on all to her belonging.

Sir Philip Sidney

But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that most grateful time
When my leaping heart will climb
In my lips to have his bidding,
There those roses for to kiss
Which do breathe a sugared bliss,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most princely power,
When I, blessed, shall devour,
With my greedy, licorous senses,
Beauty, music, sweetness, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weak defences.

Think, think of those dallyings
When with dove-like murmurings,
With glad moaning, passed anguish,
We change eyes, and heart for heart
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy make us languish.

O my Thought, thy thoughts surcease !
Thy delights my woes increase :
My life melts with too much thinking.
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking.
(Astrophel and Stella : Tenth Song.)

Nocturne

WHO is it that this dark night
Underneath my window 'plaineth ?
*It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah, exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.*

Sir Philip Sidney

Why, alas, and are you he ?
Be not yet those fancies changèd ?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estrangèd,
Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in absence this will die ;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.
Absence, sure, will help, if I
Can learn how much myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove ;
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove ;
With time still th' affection groweth
In the faithful turtle-dove.

What if we new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection ?
I will think they pictures be,
(Image-like, of saints' perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.
Dear, do reason no such spite :
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

But the wrongs Love bears will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it doth shake,
In a ground of so firm making
Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace ! I think that some give ear ;
Come no more, lest I get anger.
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear ;
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger ;
But my soul shall harbour there.

Sir Philip Sidney

Well, be gone ; be gone, I say !
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.
O unjust is Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you ;
And from lowts to run away.
(*Astrophel and Stella : Eleventh Song.*)

Dorus' Song to Mopsa

SINCE so mine eyes are subject to your sight
That in your sight they fixèd have my brain ;
Since so my heart is fillèd with that light
That only light doth all my life maintain ;
Since in sweet you all goods so richly reign
That where you are no wishèd good can want ;
Since so your living image lives in me
That in myself your self true love doth plant ;—
How can you him unworthy then decree
In whose chief part your worths implanted be ?
(*Arcadia : Bk. II.*)

Gynecia's Vow

YOU living powers, enclosed in stately shrine
Of growing trees ; you rural gods that wield
Your sceptres here ;—if to your ears divine
A voice may come which troubled soul doth yield,
This vow receive, this vow, O gods, maintain :
My virgin life no spotted thought shall stain ;
Thou purest stone, whose pureness doth present
My purest mind, whose temper hard doth show
My tempered heart, by thee my promise sent
Unto myself let after-livers know.
No fancy mine, nor others' wrong suspect
Make me, O virtuous Shame, thy laws neglect.

Sir Philip Sidney

O Chastity, the chief of heavenly lights,
Which makes us most immortal shape to wear,
Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprites :
To only thee my constant course I bear.

Till spotless soul unto thy bosom fly,
Such life to lead, such death I vow to die.

(*Arcadia : Bk. II.*)

Epitaph

(on Argalus and Parthenia)

HIS being was in her alone ;
And he not being she was none :
They joyed one joy, one grief they grieved,
One love they loved, one life they lived ;
The hand was one, one was the sword
That did his death, her death afford :
As all the rest, so now the stone
That tombs the two is justly one.

(*Arcadia : Bk. III.*)

Dametas' "Rural Poesy"

O WORDS, which fall like summer dew on me ;
O breath, more sweet than is the growing bean ;
O tongue, in which all honeyed liquors be ;
O voice, that doth the thrush in shrillness stain :—
Do you say still this is her promise due :
That she is mine, as I to her am true ?

Gay hair, more gay than straw when harvest lies ;
Lips, red and plump as cherries' ruddy side ;
Eyes, fair and great like fair great ox's eyes ;
O breast, in which two white sheep swell in pride :—
Join you with me to seal this promise due :
That she be mine, as I to her am true.

Sir Philip Sidney

But thou, white skin, as white as curds well pressed,
As smooth as sleek-stone, like it, smooths each
part ;

And thou, dear flesh, as soft as wool new-dressed,
And yet as hard as brawn made hard by art ;—

First four but say, next four their saying seal,

But you must pay the gage of promised weal.

(Arcadia : Bk. III.)

Madrigal

WHY dost thou haste away,

O Titan fair, the giver of the day ?

Is it to carry news

To western wights what stars in east appear ?

Or dost thou think that here

Is left a sun whose beams thy place may use ?

Yet stay, and well peruse

What be her gifts that make her equal thee ;

Bend all thy light to see

In earthly clothes enclosed a heavenly spark.

Thy running course cannot such beauties mark ;

No, no, thy motions be

Hastened from us with bar of shadow dark,

Because that thou, the author of our sight,

Disdain'st we see thee stained with other's light.

(Arcadia : Bk. III.)

Dicus's Epithalamium

LET mother Earth now deck herself with flowers

To see her offspring seek a good increase,

Where justest love doth vanish Cupid's powers,

And war of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,

Which never may decrease,

Sir Philip Sidney

But, like the turtles fair,
Live one in two, a well-united pair :
Which that no chance may stain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

O Heaven, awake ! show forth thy stately face ;
Let not these slumbering clouds thy beauties hide ;
But with thy cheerful presence help to grace
The honest Bridegroom and the bashful Bride,
Whose loves may ever bide,
Like to the elm and vine,
With mutual embracements them to twine :
In which delightful pain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Ye Muses all, which chaste affects allow,
And have to Thyrsis showed your secret skill,
To this chaste love your sacred favours bow,
And so to him and her your gifts distil,
That they all vice may kill,
And, like to lilies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotless may endure
Where that all bliss may reign :
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Ye Nymphs which in the waters empire have,
Since Thyrsis' music oft doth yield you praise,
Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis crave :
Let one time—but long first—close up their days,
One grave their bodies seize,
And like two rivers sweet,
When they, though diverse, do together meet,
One stream both streams contain :
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Pan, father Pan, the god of silly sheep,
Whose care is cause that they in number grow,
Have much more care of them that them do keep,—
Since from these good the others' good doth flow,—
And make their issues show

Sir Philip Sidney

In number like the herd
Of younglings which thyself with love hast reared,
Or like the drops of rain :
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Virtue—if not a god, yet God's chief part—
Be thou the knot of this their open vow,
That still he be her head, she be his heart ;
He lean to her, she unto him do bow.
Each other still allow ;
Like oak and mistletoe,
Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow :
In which most lovely train,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

But thou, foul Cupid, sire to lawless lust,
Be thou far hence with thy empoisoned dart,
Which, though of glittering gold, shall here take rust
Where simple love, which chasteness doth impart,
Avoids thy hurtful art,
Not needing charming skill
Such minds with sweet affections for to fill ;
Which being pure and plain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbèd looks,
All privateness, self-seeking, inward spite,
All waywardness which nothing kindly brooks,
All strife for toys and claiming master's right,
Be hence aye put to flight !
All stirring husband's hate
'Gainst neighbours good for womanish debate,
Be fled, as things most vain !
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

All peacock pride, and fruits of peacock's pride,
Longing to be with loss of substance gay,
With recklessness what may the house betide
So that you may on higher slippers stay,
For ever hence away !

Sir Philip Sidney

Yet let not sluttary,
The sink of filth, be counted housewifry
But keeping whole your mean :
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

But, above all, away, vile jealousy—
The evil of evils, just cause to be unjust !
How can he love suspecting treachery ?
How can she love where love can not win trust ?
Go, snake, hide thee in dust,
Nor dare once show thy face
Where open hearts do hold so constant place,
That they thy sting restrain :
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

The Earth is decked with flowers, the Heavens
displayed ;
Muses grant gifts, Nymphs, long and joinèd life,
Pan, store of babes, Virtue, their thoughts well stayed ;
Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife.
Happy man, happy wife !
No pride shall them oppress,
Nor yet shall yield to loathsome sluttishness ;
And jealousy is slain :
For Hymen will their coupled joys maintain.
(Arcadia : Bk. III.)

Philomela

THE nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making,
And mournfully bewailing,
Her thought in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.

Sir Philip Sidney

O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness :
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
But Tereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken,
Wherein she suff'ring, all her spirits languish,
Full womanlike complains her will was broken.
But I, who, daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.

O Philomela fair, O take some gladness ;
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness :
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Song (To the Tune of a Neopolitan Villanelle)

ALL my sense thy sweetness gainèd,—
Thy fair hair my heart enchained ;
My poor reason thy words movèd,
So that thee like heaven I lovèd.
Fa la la leridan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei :
While to my mind the outside stood
For messenger of inward good.

Now thy sweetness sour is deemèd,
Thy hair not worth a hair esteemèd ;
Reason hath thy words removèd,
Finding that but words they provèd.

Sir Philip Sidney

Fa la la leridan dan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei :
For no fair sign can credit win
If that the substance fail within.

No more in thy sweetness glory ;
For thy knitting hair be sorry ;
Use thy words but to bewail thee,
That no more thy beams avail thee.
Fa la la leridan dan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei :
Lay not thy colours more to view
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas, she weepeth ;—
Fool ! in me what folly creepeth :
Was I to blaspheme enraged
Where my soul I have engagèd ?
Fa la la leridan dan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei,
And wretched I must yield to this :
The fault I blame her chasteness is.

Sweetness, sweetly pardon folly ;
Tie me, hair, your captive wholly ;
Words, O words of heavenly knowledge,
Know my words their faults acknowledge.
Fa la la leridan dan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei :
And all my life I will confess
The less I love I live the less.

Sir Philip Sidney

“ Heart and Soul do Sing
in me ”

(Written to the Tune of a Spanish
Song)

O FAIR ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
This you hear is not my tongue
Which once said what I conceived,
For it was of use bereavèd,
With a cruel answer stung.
No, though tongue to roof be cleavèd
Fearing lest he chastised be,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
Just accord all music makes ;
In thee just accord excelleth,
Where each part in such peace dwelleth,
One of other beauty takes.
Since, then, truth to all minds telleth
That in thee lives harmony,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
They that heaven have known do say
That whoso that grace obtaineth
To see what fair sight there reigneth
Forcèd are to sing alway.
So, then, since that heaven remaineth
In thy face I plainly see,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

Sir Philip Sidney

O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
Sweet, think not I am at ease
For because my chief part singeth :
This song from death's sorrow springeth,
As to swan in last disease ;
For no dumbness nor death bringeth
Stay to true love's melody :
Heart and soul do sing in me.

Wooing Stuff

FAINT Amorist, what ! dost thou think
To taste Love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall ? or to devour
A world of sweet and taste no sour ?
Dost thou ever think to enter
The Elysian fields that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge ? A lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.
He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee ? 'tis to shew it
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent ? is she mute ?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout, and leave the room ?
Then she goes to bid thee come.
Is she sick ? Why, then be sure
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with " No " ?
Tush, she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of man
In question ? Nay, she loves thee then ;
And if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hitt'st her not.

Sir Philip Sidney

He that after ten denials
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

Child-Song

- "SLEEP, baby mine," Desire's nurse, Beauty, singeth ;
Thy cries, O baby, set mine head on aching."
The babe cries, "Way, thy love doth keep me waking."
- "Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good rest taking."
The babe cries, "Way, thy love doth keep me waking."
- "Since, baby mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleep then a little, pap Content is making."
The babe cries, "Nay, for that abide I waking."

Song

WHO hath his fancy pleasèd
With fruits of happy sight
Let here his eyes be raisèd
On Nature's sweetest light—
A light which doth dissever
And yet unite the eyes :
A light which—dying never—
Is cause the looker dies.

She never dies but lasteth
In life of lover's heart ;
He ever dies that wasteth
In love his chiefest part.
Thus is her life still guarded
In never-dying faith ;
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she lives in his death.

Sir Philip Sidney

Look, then, and die,—the pleasure
Doth answer well the pain :
Small loss of mortal treasure
Who may immortal gain.
Immortal be her graces ;
Immortal is her mind :
They, fit for heavenly places ;
This, heaven in it doth bind.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sense that grace descries,
Yet eyes deprived be not
From sight of her fair eyes,
Which, as of inward glory
They are the outward seal,
So may they live still sorry
Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleasèd
With fruits of happy sight
Let here his eyes be raisèd
On Nature's sweetest light.

Bane and Balm

AH, poor Love, why dost thou live
Thus to see thy service lost ?
If she will no comfort give,
Make an end, yield up the ghost,
That she may at length approve
That she hardly long believed,—
That the heart will die for love
That is not in time relieved.
Oh, that ever I was born
Service so to be refused,—
Faithful love to be foreborne !
Never love was so abused.
But, sweet love, be still awhile ;
She that hurt thee, Love, may heal thee.

Sir Philip Sidney

Sweet, I see within her smile
More than reason can reveal thee ;
For though she be rich and fair,
Yet she is both wise and kind,
And therefore do thou not despair,
But thy faith may fancy find.
Yet although she be a queen,
That may such a snake despise,
Yet, with silence all unseen,
Run and hide thee in her eyes,
Where if she will let thee die
Yet, at latest gasp of breath,
Say that in a lady's eye
Love both took his life and death.

In Death's Despite (To the tune of a Neapolitan Song)

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruel fire,
First thrown on my desire,
She sacks my rendered sprite.
For so fair a flame embraces
All the places
Where that heat of all heats springeth
That it bringeth
To my dying heart some pleasure,
Since his treasure
Burneth bright in fairest light.
No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruel fire,
First thrown on my desire,
She sacks my rendered sprite.
Since our lives be not immortal,
But to mortal

Sir Philip Sidney

Fettters tied to wait the hour
Of death's power,
They have no cause to be sorry
Who with glory
End the way where all men stray.
No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruel fire,
First thrown on my desire,
She sacks my rendered sprite.
No man doubts, whom beauty killeth
Fair death feeleth,
And in whom fair death proceedeth
Glory breedeth :
So that I, in her beams dying,
Glory trying,
Though in pain cannot complain.
No, no, no, no.

Dirge

RING out your bells, let mourning shows be spread ;
For Love is dead :

All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain :
Worth, as naught worth, rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.

*From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !*

Weep, neighbours, weep ! do you not hear it said
That Love is dead ?

His death-bed, peacock's Folly ;
His winding-sheet is Shame ;
His will, False-Seeming wholly ;
His sole executor, Blame.

Sir Philip Sidney

*From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !*

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead ;

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart ;

Which epitaph containeth :
" Her eyes were once his dart."

*From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !*

Alas, I lie ; Rage hath this error bred ;
Love is not dead ;

Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.

*Therefore, from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !*

Geron to Histor

WHO for each fickle fear from virtue shrinks
Shall in this life embrace no worthy thing :
No mortal man the cup of surety drinks.
The heavens do not good haps in handfuls bring,
But let us pick our good from out much bad,
That still our little world may know his king.
But certainly so long we may be glad
While that we do what Nature doth require,
And for th' event we never ought be sad.

(Arcadia : Bk. III.)

Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke

The Doleful Lay of Clorinda

A Pastoral Ode to the Memory of Sir Philip Sidney

*[His sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and sprite
Her brother dear, began this doleful lay,
Which, lest I mar the sweetness of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.*

SPENSER : *Astrophel*, concluding stanza.]

AY me ! to whom shall I my case complain
That may compassion my impatient grief ?
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,
That my eniven heart may find relief ?
Shall I unto the heavenly powers it show ?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below ?

To heavens ? Ah ! they, alas, the authors were
And workers of my unremédied woe :
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffered this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also
ill :
That which they made, who can them warn to
spill ?

Mary Sidney

To men? Ah! they, alas, like wretched be,
And subject to the heavens' ordinance :
Bound to abide whatever they decree,
Their best redress is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,
The which no less need comforted to be?

Then to myself will I my sorrow mourn
Since none alive like sorrowful remains,
And to myself my plaints shall back return
To pay their usury with doubled pains.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournful accent of my sorrow's ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Since he is gone the which them all did grace :
And all the fields do wail their widow state,
Since death their fairest flower did late deface.
The fairest flower in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel ;—that was, we all may rue.

What cruel hand of cursèd foe unknown,
Hath cropped the stalk which bore so fair a flower?
Untimely cropped, before it well were grown,
And clean defacèd in untimely hour :
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me !

Break now your garlands, O ye shepherds' lasses,
Since the fair flower which them adorned is gone :
The flower which them adorned is gone to ashes ;
Never again let lass put garland on.
Instead of garland wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bough.

Nor ever sing the love-lays which he made ;—
Who ever made such lays of love as he?
Nor ever read the riddles, which he said
Unto yourselves, to make you merry glee.
Your merry glee is now laid all abed ;
Your merry maker now, alas, is dead.

Mary Sidney

Death, the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbèd you, and reft from me my joy :
Both you and me, and all the world he quite
Hath robbed of joyance, and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world and shepherds' pride was he !
Shepherds, hope never like again to see !

O Death ! thou hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done ?
What is become of him whose flower here left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?
Scarce like the shadows of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit, which was decked
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovran choice from th' heavenly choirs select
And lineally derived from angels' race,
O ! what is now of it become, aread.
Ay me ! can so divine a thing be dead ?

Ah, no ! it is not dead, nor can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise ;
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie
In bed of lilies wrapped in tender wise,
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in ángelic delight ;
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all measure,—
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain :
For what so goodly form he there doth see
He may enjoy from jealous rancour free.

Mary Sidney

There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet spirit, never fearing more to die ;
Nor dreading harm from any foes of his,
Nor fearing savage beasts' more cruelty.
 Whilst we here, wretches, wail his private lack,
 And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou there still happy, happy spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament,
Not thee that doest thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own selves that here in dole are drent.
 Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
 Mourning, in others', our own miseries.

In Praise of Astræa : ¹

A Dialogue between two Shepherds, Thenot and Piers.

- THENOT. I sing divine Astræa's praise ;
 O Muses ! help my wits to raise,
 And heave my verses higher.
- PIERS. Thou need'st the truth but plainly tell,
 Which much I doubt thou canst not well,
 Thou art so oft a liar.
- THENOT. If in my song no more I show
 Than Heaven, and earth, and sea do know,
 Then truly I have spoken.
- PIERS. Sufficeth not no more to name,
 But being no less, the like, the same,
 Else laws of truth be broken.

¹ Astrea=Queen Elizabeth.

In the first edition of his *Poetical Rhapsody* (in which it originally appeared) Davison appends the following note to this poem : " Made by the Excellent Lady, the Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke, at the Queen Majesty's being at her house at——, Anno 15**."

Mary Sidney

THENOT. Then say, she is so good, so fair,
With all the earth she may compare,
Not Momus' self denying ;
Compare may think where likeness holds,
Nought like to her the earth enfolds ;
I looked to find you lying.

THENOT. Astræa sees with Wisdom's sight ;
Astræa works by Virtue's might ;
And jointly both do stay in her.

PIERS. Nay, take from them her hand, her mind,—
The one is lame, the other blind :
Shall still your lying stain her ?

THENOT. Soon as Astræa shows her face,
Straight every ill avoids the place,
And every good aboundeth.

PIERS. Nay, long before her face doth show,
The last doth come, the first doth go :
How loud this lie resoundeth !

THENOT. Astræa is our chiefest joy,
Our chiefest guard against annoy,
Our chiefest wealth, our treasure.

PIERS. Where chiefest are, there others be,
To us none else, but only she :
When wilt thou speak in measure ?

THENOT. Astræa may be justly said
A field in flowery robe arrayed,
In season freshly springing.

PIERS. That Spring endures but shortest time,
This never leaves Astræa's clime :
Thou liest, instead of singing.

THENOT. As heavenly light that guides the day,
Right so doth shine each lovely ray
That from Astræa flieth.

PIERS. Nay, darkness oft that light enclouds ;
Astræa's beams no darkness shrouds :
How loudly Thenot lieth !

Mary Sidney

- THENOT.** Astræa rightly term I may
A manly palm, a maiden bay,
Her verdure never dying.
- PIERS.** Palm oft is crookèd, bay is low ;
She still upright, still high doth grow :
Good Thenot, leave thy lying.
- THENOT.** Then, Piers, of friendship tell me why,
My meaning true, my words should lie,
And strive in vain to raise her ?
- PIERS.** Words from conceit do only rise ;
Above conceit her honour flies :
But, silence ! nought can praise her.

Matthew Roydon

An Elegy ;

or,

Friend's Passion for his
Astrophel

Written upon the death of the Right Honourable

Sir Philip Sidney, Knight,
Lord Governor of Flushing

As then, no wind at all there blew,
No swelling clouds accloyed the air ;
The sky, like glass of watchet hue,
Reflected Phœbus' golden hair ;
The garnished tree no pendent stirred,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly bear,
The lion king, the elephant,
The maiden unicorn was there,
So was Actæon's hornèd plant,
And what of wild or tame are found
Were couched in order on the ground.

Matthew Roydon

Alcides' speckled poplar tree,
The palm that monarchs do obtain,
With love-juice stained the mulberry,
The fruit that 'dews the poet's brain ;
And Phyllis' filbert there away
Compared with myrtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorn,
With stately height threat'ning the sky,
And, for the bed of love forlorn,
The black and doleful ebony :
All in a circle compassed were
Like to an amphitheatre.

Upon the branches of those trees
The aery-wingèd people sat,
Distinguishèd in odd degrees ;
One sort is this, another that :
Here Philomel, that knows full well
What force in wit and love doth dwell.

The sky-bred eagle, royal bird,
Perched there upon an oak above ;
The turtle by him never stirred,
Example of immortal love.
The swan that sings about to die,
Leaving Meander, stood thereby.

And—that which was of wonder most—
The Phœnix left sweet Araby ;
And, on a cedar in this coast,
Built up her tomb of spicery,
As I conjecture, by the same
Prepared to take her dying flame.

In midst and centre of this plot,
I saw one grovelling on the grass ;
A man or stone, I knew not that :
No stone ;—of man the figure was ;
And yet I could not count him one
More than the image made of stone.

Matthew Roydon

At length I might perceive him rear
His body on his elbow end :
Earthly and pale, with ghastly cheer,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throws
As might have torn the vital strings ;
Then down his cheeks the tear so flows
As doth the stream of many springs :
So thunder rends the cloud in twain,
And makes a passage for the rain.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He woefully 'gan to complain :
Such were the accents as might wound,
And tear a diamond rock in twain.
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heavily he 'gan to say :

O sun ! (said he, seeing the sun),
On wretched me why dost thou shine ?
My star is fall'n, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eyne :
Shine upon those possess delight,
And let me live in endless night.

O grief, that liest upon my soul
As heavy as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life control,
Consort me quickly with the dead ;
Half of this heart, this sprite, and will,
Died in the breast of Astrophil.

And you, compassionate of my woe,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shady trees,
I am assured ye long to know
What be the sorrow me aggrieves ;
Listen ye then to that ensu'th,
And hear a tale of tears and ruth.

Matthew Roydon

You knew,—who knew not Astrophil
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still !)
Things known permit me to renew ;
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you hear, too much.

Within these woods of Arcady
He chief delight and pleasure took,
And on the mountain Partheny,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The Muses met him every day
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine ;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerful eyne :
To hear him speak and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books ;
I trow that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long ;
But eyes, and ears, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In who so rare deserts did reign,
Desirèd thus, must leave us then,
And we to wish for him in vain !
O, could the stars that bred that wit
In force no longer fixèd sit ?

Matthew Roydon

Then being filled with learnèd dew,
The Muses willèd him to love ;
That instrument can aptly shew
How finely our conceits will move :
 As Bacchus opes dissembled hearts,
 So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly bliss,
The highest in his fancy stood,
And she could well demerit this :
 'Tis likely they acquainted soon ;
 He was a Sun, and she a Moon.

Our Astrophil did Stella have ;—
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophil,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou find an Astrophil?
 The rose and lily have their prime,
 And so hath beauty but a time.

Although thy beauty do exceed
In common sight of every eye,
Yet, in his Poesies when we read,
It is apparent more thereby,
 He that hath love and judgment too
 Sees more than any other do.

Then Astrophil hath honoured thee ;
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternal be
And live by virtue of his ink ;
 For by his verses he doth give
 To short-lived beauty aye to live.

Above all others this is he,
Which erst approvèd in his song
That love and honour might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
 Sweet saints ! it is no sin nor blame,
 To love a man of virtuous name.

Matthew Roydon

Did never love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal breast before ;
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poet's brain with finer store :
 He wrote of love with high conceit,
 And beauty reared above her height.

Then Pallas afterward attired
Our Astrophil with her device,
Whom in his armour heaven admired,
As of the nation of the skies ;
 He sparkled in his arms' affairs,
 As he were dight with fiery stars.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eye doth see afar,)
Such majesty (quoth he) is sealed,
Such majesty my mart may mar ;
 Perhaps this may a suitor be,
 To set Mars by his deity.

In this surmise he made with speed
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in clouds do breed ;
The flame and bolt together shut
 With privy force burst out again,
 And so our Astrophil was slain.

This word (" was slain ") straightway did move,
And Nature's inward life-strings twitch ;
The sky immediately above
Was dimmed with hideous clouds of pitch
 The wrestling winds from out the ground
 Filled all the air with rattling sound.

The bending trees expressed a groan,
And sighed the sorrow of his fall ;
The forest beasts made ruthful moan,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
 And Philomel for Astrophil
 Unto her notes annexed a " phil."

Matthew Roydon

The turtle dove with tones of ruth
Shewed feeling passion of his death ;
Methought she said, I tell thee truth,
Was never he that drew in breath
Unto his love more trusty found
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan, that was in presence here,
Began his funeral dirge to sing :
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appear
But pass away with greedy wing :
This mortal life as death is tried,
And death gives life ; and so he died.

The general sorrow that was made
Among the creatures of each kind
Firèd the Phœnix where she laid,
Her ashes flying with the wind,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phœnix ne'er should be.

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breed an offspring near that kind,
But hardly a peer to that, I doubt ;
It cannot sink into my mind
That under-branches e'er can be
Of worth and value as the tree.

The eagle marked with piercing sight
The mournful habit of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight
To signify to Jove the case,
What sorrow Nature doth sustain
For Astrophil by envy slain.

And while I followed with mine eye
The flight the eagle upward took,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my look :
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone ;
So was the friend that made this moan.

Matthew Roydon

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deep compassion in my sprite ;
My moulting heart issued, methought,
In streams forth at mine eyes aright :
And here my pen is forced to shrink
My tears discolour so mine ink.

Glossary

- Accloyed*, choked, filled.
Aread, tell, declare, explain.
Baiting-place, refreshing-place.
Blaying, bleating.
Curted, laconic.
Drent, drowned.
Dribbed, weak (a term in Archery).
Imp, join, add to, heap on.
Licorous, dainty, eager to taste or enjoy, having a keen relish. (Variant of *lecherous*.)
Lowts, obeisances.
Pied, parti-coloured.
Prease, press.
Sleek-stone, A smoothing-stone for smoothing or dressing linen, butter, etc.
Stound, amazement (stunned).
Touch, (a) a kind of marble ; (b) tinder.
Trentals, Requiem masses.
Watchet, pale blue.
Welaway (= woe ! lo ! woe !) An exclamation of sorrow or despair = alas !
Witty, wise.
Wroken, wrought.



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